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Grace Lindsay Collection

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BONNIE

Story by Grace Lindsay

I was named "Bonnie", I am about 6 years old, people call me pretty, with my silken complexion and my slender body. I am not sure when and where was ^{PAPA'} my birthplace, I believe it was somewhere in Long Island, Jackson Heights, in a very quiet Churchyard in a "Gazebo," surrounded by thick bushes and underbrush and I remember very well, that I had 3 little sisters, but only one brother. Our father left us, soon after we were born and our poor mother had to look and feed us 5 kids all alone. The first 8 weeks we were very happy with our mother, who wheened us, cleaned us and warmed us, and played with us, we were a bunch of very happy kittens..... When we all were much bigger and stronger, one day, I remember, it was a very hot summernight, our Mom ~~had~~ run away to get some extra food ... that night, and many days later, she never came back to us.... can you imagine how loud we cried ~~for~~ her, and were restless and unhappy and hungry. With all the noise we made, an old fat black pussy, came by our home, she was a friend of our mother, and she came to see, why we cried so loud and so much, than she told us she has seen, that our mother was killed by a car, which run over her, with these bad news, we cried only louder, but pussy told us, our mother was now in the cat heaven, and she advised, we are ~~enough big~~ to try the world of our own. But we were not big enough yet, how could we stay alive being so young and unprotected and so miserable cold, without mom's warm and soft body and love. We made such a racket of crying and miowing, that in the evening, when the priest of the church made his usual stroll through the garden, he came by the Gazebo, he heard and discovered us, all five of us, a multicolored fluffy bunch. His face lit up and he spoke to us, that we should not to be frightened and he took us in his arms and stuffed two of my sisters into his pockets of his long robe.

He took us into his house into the kitchen, he gave all of us warm milk to drink, than he went to one of his closets and took out an enormous shoebox, where he usually kept his winterboots, put in an old undershirt of his ~~his~~, and gave us a nice cozy place to sleep. It felt so good, to be in a warm and secure place and the priest, with his big warm hands caressed and cuddled us, one after the other. The next morning after we had a good nights sleep, our brother, who was the biggest off all of us, jumped out of the shoebox, strecht his legs and saw suddenly a little mouse running across the kitchenfloor, with one big jump, he got her, that moment the priest came into the kitchen and saw the mouse in our brothers mouth. Tiger, that was the name of our brother, was very proud of the catch and showing off to the priest, he put the dead mouse to the priests feet. He was certainly very impressed, that he decided to keep tiger, which had a very pretty fluffy yellow fur with black stripes. therefore our brother got himself a nice home. The folbwng day in the morning, I, together with my three little sisters, were packed into a leatherbriefcase, where the priest usually had his sermons, and off we went on a short trip, we could note see anything, it was all dark and hot in the briefcase, but very soon, we arrived to our destinee, a petshop, whose owner was Pete, his friend. Pete was a nice young man, clean shaven, blond sleek hair, well groomed, he was a kind of oldfashioned type, the younger generation nowadays would mark him as square. Pete had a kind heart and loved all his animals and there were plenty in his shop.

There were at least 15 puppies of different races, he had many tanks with tropical fish, many cages with all kind of birds, who sang, whistled and chirred. Many beautiful canaries, ~~who he was teaching to sing~~; even a big black Minabird with a yellow beak, who spoke words, like people do. It certainly, was a ~~hell~~ of a noise, when we arrived. Pete looked us all over, examined any of us and shook his head, telling the priest, they are all girls, I get only \$ 3.- for each, but they all are very cute and I will put them in the window in the cage, for Sale. First it was fun to see all the people passing by, and admiring us when they suddenly stopped... Many children pressed their noses flat against the window; All was very new and nice for us, but the constnt barking of the puppies, who were next to us also in a cage in the window for sale, made us really reveous and was too much for our sensitive ears, and we could not put our paws over our ~~ears~~ ears, so we huddled together in a corner, to ignore everthing.

The shop door opened and in came a young couple, with a little girl with ravenblack hair, she took our little sister "snowwhite" out of the window and into her arms, and did not let go, and Blackhair and snowwhite went out together, happy. Now we were only three little kittens.

The next day came into the shop a beautiful young blondhair woman with her husband and she seems to fall in love with me, she took me in her arms and pressed me against her rosy face and called me right away "Bonnie".

Actually the name my mother gave me was "Blue" because of my bluegray shiny furcoat, well it does not make any difference, because the initials are still the same.. B...

I came to live with the couple in a big apartment house, in a nice residential area, but on the 6th Tonfloor. I could see the street below, the top of the trees, many cars and people with dogs, from the windows. Everything and everyone looked so small like bugs and ants, which in my earlier life, I chased. ~~when~~ I was living with my family in the Gazebo.

The first thing I had to learn was, to use the litterbox, which was placed for me into the bathroom under the sink, then I was told not to scratch the upholstery, carnets and furniture, what disaster, how shall I sharpen my claws ? Well, the man of the house, was very angry with me, when ^{one day} I forgot the rules, and scratched his favored armchair. When he saw it, one day, he put me in a bag and took me to an Animal-Hospital, and poor me, I was so frightened, the doctor pricked me with a needle and gave me, what people call, anestastasia, then I went right away to sleep...

When I woke un..... meow.....my front paws hurt so much... and also my belly ached.... I had to stay several days in the hospital, and as I heard later talking the people, the doctor, took out my claws and at the same time he operated on my belly, that I was not able to get kittens on my own He also took away the desire and all the fun I could have ^{With} the boys....

But I got over all the hurt very fast, because my lovely "Meamma-Ma-I call her so now, took good care of me, takes me in her arms very often and loves me so much, I can feel it, and I am very happy to be with her.

Meow.mmmama, was most of the time at home, but lately, since she and her husband have separated, she has gone out very often, and now she has a job, gets up early and leaves the house, is out all day and comes home very late,

She leaves me enough food, but I am very lonely... Most of the time I sleep in her bed, between bedcover and blanket, I like that best, but it is no fun to be so alone, only once a while, I can chase a bug or fly, and bite some leafs of the green plants, look down the street from our windows..

One day, last summer, she packed me in a red leatherbag, which had a window, to look out, and drove with me to her mother, for two long hour, out to

the country, in New Jersey. I cried meowt... scratched with my unclawed paws at the window, and was deadly afraid, because that was my first ride in a car, and I was so thirsty, from the heat and my crying. Finally we arrived at "Grandma" and I was so glad to be let out of my awful leatherbag prison...

First I sniffed through the whole house, in every room and corner, than I went to the kitchen, were "Grandma" had put a tray, ready for me, set on the floor with water and food, but I could not eat yet, I only was thirsty and drank and then I crawl under the bed in the guestroom, into the dark, to cool off and calm down.....

The guestroom was ready and prepared for my "meo..mamma" she was saying with "grandma" over night.

The next morning, after we all had a good nights sleep, and after a good breakfast, I had my favored dish, "tuna and egg" I was put on a leash and was taken out in the garden, which is surrounding the house. It was lovely warm sunshine and what good fresh air, and I felt so good, to be with my paws in the cool fresh grass....

My childhood came back to my mind, when I also was running in the grass, which surrounded the "Gazebo".

I was so happy, lying and rolling in the grass and purring so loud, that the two ladies, could hear and see my contentment.

In Grandmas garden are also high Pinetrees, which have several birdhouses put on, there also is a birdfeeder, for the "little fluttery chirving darlings" I wished I could catch them..... but too bad, I cannot climb trees anymore, but it is very exiting and annoying for me, to see them hopping and sitting in the grass and flying by near my nose, and I can do nothing about it, because I am on the leash, and also declawed, but don't think I cannot defend myself, I have sharp teeth and can bite, I can spit, hiss and make an hunchback, to frighten my enemies awav. I also learned to box with my paws and slap curious faces, if they come to near or want to touch me.....

Only my "Meo..mammi" and now my "Grandma" are allowed, to touch me, take me in their arms and cuddle with me, I especially like it to sit on "Grandmas" lap, when she sits in the easy chair and watches her soap-operas on Television, that is the best time for me to put my face into her soft buxom and purrrrrr.... and trample with my front paws and think I am with my dear mother again. ~~V.P.EPARTED~~

The other day, one afternoon, I had a great joy, to see my two little sisters, which I left behind in the petshop for sale, have become moviestars, doing commercials on the T.V. for "Purina Meow Mix"

It is so good to know, that we all had become "Sombdy" in this "catworld" and that we all found a good home

I had a wonderfull vacation, but mid September "Grandma" had to leave me alone, for three long days... She certainly put enough food for me on the tray, three dishes with my favorites and water to lap.

A neighbor got the keys for the house, to look after me, but again, I was alone for three long days and nights.....

The first two days, I could bear it but the third day I got panicky, ..what, if "Grandma" never comes back.... I lost my appetite and also got very angry with "grandma" and I thought, she should be punished, for leaving me alone...

I am a tidy, well trained cat, using my box in the bathroom ~~mix~~

properly, but suddenly it came to me, how to take revenge and make "Grandma" angry, when she returns and sees, what I have done.....

Instead of using my litterbox... I know I was a very naughty girl, I jumped on "granmas" bed and deposited my urge and sausages, smak right in the middle of "Grandmas" bedcover..... one hardly could see it, because the bedcover had anyhow, yellow, red and brown flowers, you hardly could notice the extra brown sh.....t

Finally, "Grandma" came back, I was so overjoyed, that I raced through the whole house, I jummed into her arms, licking her hands and face,... then I remembered what I had done to her bed, and was afraid.

I went into the guestroom, crawling under the bed into the corner and was hiding there till next morning.

Sure "Grandma" was mad first, when she saw, what I have done, but later she started to laugh and spoke to me the next morning, telling me, I was a clever little devil, to think of revenge and to punish her, for leaving me alone, she said, she understood and forgave me...

The same morning, a lady friend, came passing by the kitchenwindow and they were talking together, and "Grandma" told her about me and leaving me alone. The lady friend said to "Grandma" reproaching her...

" and for three days you left that poor cat all alone " hearing this I was sitting on the windowsill, next to "Grandma". I got again angry, and I slapped "Grandmas" face, with all force of my paw and I looked very cross at "Grandma". Both ladies were very surprised, and then both started to laugh, they said.... that cat understands what we are saying.

Of course I understand, what they think, I am a dummy ?

In October, last year, ~~xxx~~ I went back with my "Meow-mammy" to the city apartment, but again I am all alone the whole day and even sometimes over the weekend, and that is no fun.

This summer, I came early, in June to "Grandma". I love her place, house and garden very much and I am very happy with her. It is now already December, and I ~~am~~ am still with "Grandma". Everyday I am outside in the garden, but only on the leash, that I cannot run away, chasing some birds.

In the morning, I am usually very hungry, then I run in to "Grandmas" bedroom, jump on her bed and wake her up, "meowing". Sometimes I have to do 3 times, and only when I ...m e o w ... very loud into her ear, only then she gets up, ~~she thinks~~, as she is now retired from work, she can't allow herself to sleep a bit longer, but I am hungry.....

She talks to me very soft and sweet and calls me her little pussycat, little doll, and tickels my belly, but all this is very silly.....

I am a grown, proud cat and my name is

Bonnie



Grace Lindsay
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March 1861 W.M.

"I O' I I W"
Story of a housecat.

I was named "Bonnie". I am about nine years old, and I am a
pretty, with my blue-grey silken complexion and my slender body.

I am not sure, when and where I was born, it was somewhere in
Queens, in an quiet churchyard, in a "Gazebo" which was situated in the
andorbrush. I remember well, that I had three little sisters. One day our
mother left us, soon after we were born and our mother had to feed us all
all alone. The first weeks, we were very happy with mother, who was always
us, we were a happy bunch of kittens. Few months later, we were still being fed by
one evening, it was a very hot summer night, our mother left us to go to town.
night and many days later, she never returned..... can you imagine how dead and
and unhappy we were. We cried and meow...t so loud, that an old black fat cat, a
friend of our mother, passed by our home and told us, that she has been, to the
runover and killed by a car; she told us also, that our mother was now in a
and we were big enough now, to look after ourselves... we were shocked and frightened
bad news, being unprotected and miserable cold, without home with, soft body and
we only cried and meow...t louder, making such a racket that evening, that the
the church, who made his usual stroll through the garden, passing by the Gazebo,
us, a multicolored, fluffy, crying bunch of kittens..... when he saw us, his kin-
up, he spoke to us very softly, and then he took us in his arms, stuffed two of us
in his pockets of his long black coat and brought us all into the large kitchen
house. He put warm milk into a saucer, for us to drink, and then he went to another
etc., took out a enormous shoebox, put one of his old undershirts in, and then
a nice, warm and cozy place to sleep.... till the next morning. Our brother, the
biggest of us, was up first, jumped out of the shoebox, stretched his legs, and a
a little mouse running across the floor; with one big jump, I got her. At
moment, the first cat, that I ever saw it, "Fluffy", that was our
brother, because he had a pretty fluffy yellow fur with black stripes....

was very proud of his catch, when he put the dead mice, before the feet of the priest. The priest was so impressed, that he decided to keep our brother, and therefore, "Jesus got for us a nice, secure home".

The following day, my three little sisters and I, was picked up to the uncles leatherbracease, and off we went on a short trip, it was very hot and so dark in the bracelet, we were very frightened, but soon we arrived at our destination, a little shop in the bracelet, we were very frightened, but soon we arrived at our destination, a little shop, whose owner, Bobo, was a friend of the priest, he was a nice young man, with blond hair, well groomed, but the old fashioned type. He had a friendly face and a kind looking heart for all his animals; there were plenty of them in his shop.... at least 15 different kinds of different species, many tanks also with tropical fish, many cages with all kind of birds, who sang, whistled and chirred. Many beautiful canaries, he also had a big white bird, with a yellow beak, who spoke some words, like people do..... it certainly was a terrible noise, when we arrived, at the shop. Bobo, examined all of us and then he said ok his food, he told the priest, these all are little girls, "I only get \$ 2.50 dollars a girl", "I will put them into the window", "for sale" because they are very cuter....."

First it was fun for us, to see all the people passing by the window, then they suddenly stopped, they pressed their little noses flat against the window, looking and all of a sudden, the shopdoor opened and a young couple came in, with them was a little girl, with very black curly hair, she took our sister "snowwhite" out of the window, into shop, and never let go, so " snowwhite and blackhair, together with the couple, left the shop happy... Now, we were only three kittens for sale.....

The next day, in the morning, came a beautiful young blond woman, together with her husband into the shop, she seemed to fall in love with me, took me into her arms, pressed me against her rosy face, and called me "my baby" "Bonnie", actually my name, make any difference, the initials are still the same.....

I came to live with the young couple in a big apartment house, in a nice neighborhood over, but on the 6th top floor. I could see the street below, the top of the

First I sniffed through the whole house, every room, every corner, then I went to the kitchen, where "Grandma" had put a tray, with leftover food to eat, on the floor, but I only was thirsty from the excitement, then I crawled under the bed in the guest-room, into the dark and to cool corners. The guestroom was prepared already for my "Meo-marmi". The next morning, after we all had a good night's sleep, and after a good breakfast, I had my favored dish, "tuna and egg", I was put on a leash and was taken out into the garden. It was a lovely warm sunshine, and what good fresh air, I could breathe.... it felt so good, to be with my paws in the cool fresh grass... my childhood came into my mind, the days, I was running in the grass, which surrounded our home, the "Casella".... I was so happy, running and rolling in the grass, I was running, tail and happy, I tried to climb a minotree, there are many in "Grandma's" garden, and there are also several birdhouses and also a birdfeeder, for the little chitterings, chirping "darlings", they annoy me so much, I wished I could catch them.... but I am on a leash, and declawed, so I only lash out with my tail, but all is very exciting for me, especially, when they fly near by, or hopping on the ground, just before my nose, but, don't think I cannot defend myself, I have sharp teeth, I can bite, I can hiss and spit, and can make a hunchback, to frighten my enemies.. I also learned to box with my paws, and I love to slap curious faces, if they come to near, or want to touch me.... Only my "Meo-marmi" and now my "Grandma" are allowed, to take me in their arms, and cuddle up with me.... I, especially like it, to sit on "Grandma's" lap, when she sits in the easy chair and watches her soap-operas on the Television, that is the best "no" for me, then I put my face into her soft big bosom and purr-purr-purr... purring at the same time with my front paws, and thinking..... I am with my dear, dearest mother.

The other day, one afternoon, I had a great joy, I saw my two little sisters which were left behind in the pet shop, on Television, they had become Hollywood stars, they were doing commercials for "Turino Cat Show and Meowmunity". I am so glad to know, that all we kitties, had become "Somebody" in this cat world, and that we have found a good life and home.

I had a wonderful vacation with "Grandma", but mid September, she had to leave me alone, for several days, three very long and lonesome days.... I especially got

enough food, left on the tray, and also enough water, to last me... for me, a neighbor got the keys to the house, to look after me, but I was alone for three long days and nights....

The first two days, I could bear it, but the third day, I got wondering what "Grandma" never comes back....? I lost my appetite, and then I got angry with her, I thought, she should be punished, for leaving me alone, such a long time. I, usually am a tidy, well trained cat, using my litterbox in the bathroom, properly, but suddenly, I got an inspiration, I will take revenge, and make "Grandma" angry, when she returns..... Instead of using my litterbox..... I know, I was a very naughty girl, I jumped on "Grandma's" bed, and deposited my sausages..... snak..... right in the middle of "Grandma's" bedcover..... one hardly could notice it, because the bedcover was anyhow, brown-yellow and red flowered, you hardly could see the extra "brown" spot....

Finally, "Grandma" came back, I was so overjoyed, that I raced through the house I jumped into her arms, licking her face and hand, but then, I remembered, what I had done to her bed, and suddenly was afraid, I ran into the guestroom, crawling under the bed, into the farthest corner, and hiding there till the next morning.

First, "Grandma" was first very angry, when she saw, what I had done, but then she started to laugh and spoke to me the next morning, telling me, I was a clever little evil, to think of revenge, by leaving me alone such a long time, she understood and forgave me..... That same morning, a ladyfriend of hers, came passing by the kitchenwindow, saw me..... They were talking together, and Grandma told her about me. The ladyfriend said to her, "Well for three days, you left that poor cat all alone, in a reprimanding voice... hearing this, I was sitting next to "Grandma" at the windowsill, I got very angry again and I stared at "Grandma's" face with my paw and looked very cross at her. Both ladies were surprised, and then both started to laugh, and said... that cat understands every word we are saying..... "Of course, I understand, what do they think, I am a silly cat?"

In October, last year, it was getting cold outside, one morning I surprised "Grandma" with a fieldmouse, I had caught, during the night, which got somehow into the livingroom, hitting the dead mouse before "Grandma's" easy chair, I was praised by her for my good work. That same month, I went back with my "Mammom" to the veterinarian

ment, but again, I was all alone, the whole day, and even some times, over the weekend, and for me, who loves to be cuddled and caressed, it is no fun.

This summer, I came early, to "Grandma's". I love her place, the house and car park and I am very happy to be with her. It is now, nearly a week, that I am with her, and it looks, that I will stay with her forever, which makes me very glad. Every day, I am outside in the garden, walking with her on the beach.

In the morning, I am usually very hungry. I run into "Grandma's" bed soon, to wake her up. I jump on her bed, licking her face and meow....ing. Sometimes I have to do this several times, and only, when I am meow....ing direct into her ear, only then she gets up, and then she is telling me, she is retired and wants to sleep a bit longer..... bit I am hungry.....

She talks to me very softly and sweet, and when she gets dressed in the bathrobe, I jump on the dresser, and get set my daily brushing, at the same time. She calls me a doll and her little puppycat, she tickles my belly, but all this is very silly.....

I am a grown up, proud and serious cat, and my name is

" BOONIE "

Premenitions and Dreams.

A true story by Gerda Mari.

The year was 1933, I was then a young women, married to a well known Concert-Musician. We were on a concert tour of my husband in Egypt, Alexandria, Cairo and Port Said. It was just the time, when King Fuad had died, and the handsome young Prince Farouk, was crowned to be King. We stayed for one full year in Egypt, because my husband was also teaching on a conservatory of Music in Cairo. I remember we had a room rented with two Italian Ladies, and during that time I had my first Premonition in a dream, I cannot remember the exact date, but we were in Cairo and our folks were at home, in Germany, Berlin, and that night I dreamed, my sister in law was lying in bed, and I saw a big bloody cut across her throat.... I woke up screaming and terrible upset, I would have liked to phone home, but at this time, to phone another, far country was nearly impossible and costly...

I wrote a letter to my brother, it took about a week, until I finely got the answer, and in that, my brother told me, that my sister in law, had been rushed to the hospital and had an operation on her throat, to remove a growth which nearly strangled her, I was amazed about my premonition in my dream, which had become true. My sister in law is fine even now and is still living in Germany..

The year 1934 we came back from Egypt, because of my father in law, who had a big booming business of whole sale and retail in textile for men's clothing, and he wanted, that his son, my husband, should come into the business with him, and he wanted also to go on the usual trip by car, visiting his costumers in the small towns of East-Prussia , which he did every 6 months, to gather orders. At that occasion he had to travel through Polish territory, which was called,"The Polish Corridor" and which was only one bridge at Dirschau, which connected one part of Germany with another part, East Prussia , in which Koenigsberg, was one of the bigger towns in which my husband was also born.

That bridge, I am talking about ~~is~~, was well guarded by Polish Military, and every body and every car, who wanted to pass through, had to show

Permits or a passport. The Poles made a big fuss over that bridge, from which you could buy postcards at any stationary; but all this I learned only later. Anyhow, it was, I believe May 19 34, when we came back to Berlin, were the parents of my husband had a big villa in the outskirts and in which we also got a lovely apartment to live with them, sharing the beautiful garden, fruittrees, bushes etc. It was then, when my father in law asked my husband to go with him on the business trip, driving the car, to visit all the costumers in the small towns of East-Prussia, and at the same time introducing my husband as his son and new partner of the business.

I did not mentioned before, that my husband, besides his music had a hobby, he loved to take photos and pictures with his Bell & Howell moviecamera, he took plenty of our vacations and places we visited,,we naturally had lovely pictures from Egypt. Well, also going on the trip with my father in law, he took his camera to take pictures from all the different clients, their houses and the small towns, they were living in.

The men had gone on tour, two weeks had passed already and they were on the way home. - During their absence , I slept together with my mother in law, in her bedroom, because she was afraid to be alone in the big house, inspite of the personal we had, to run the big house, but they had their rooms in the third floor. I remember, it was the night before my husband and his father were supposed to come home; they had called the day before , they would arrive the next evening for dinner at 8 pm.. That same night I dreamed I heard my husband calling me and I was standing before a big stone wall and I knew behind that wall was my husband, and all of sudden I felt I was klobbered from behind over my head with a bat, my knees doubled under me and than I woke up and screamed, telling my mother in law. from that awful dream and had the premenition, that something will happen to our men. The whole day I could not get rid of my fear. The evening came finely, and everything was pre-

pared and ready for their arrival, the table was set, the cook had made a special good dinner, and then we waited it was 8pm .. we waited. it was 9 o'clock..... we waited.... we were getting more and more nervous, nobody had eaten yet; the clock was striking 10 pm... they still had not come, it was already 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ I started to cry in fear, thinking of my dream... maybe they had an accident.... and finely at 11pm. the phone rang; it was my father in law, telling us, they were arrested at the Polish corridor, and they hold my husband for suspicion of being a spy . They freed my father in law, but he had to leave the car in Dirschau, because only my husband could drive. so he would come by train. Late at the same night we met my father in law at the station and then he told us, that, when they wanted to cross the bridge they had to give the passports to the Polish Police for inspection, and when my father in law, was clearing the passports, my husband took out his movie camera and took some pictures from the bridge, as my father told him,to take some views, from the last leg of their entire trip. It was a lovely, sunny day and also to finish up the film in his camera, my husband took the pictures, all of a sudden, two heavy armed Polish soldiers came over the bridge towards him and arrested together with his father. The officers examined my husbands passport and noticed, that he recently had come back from Egypt, his passport had also stamped other countries in, like Norway, Austria, Canary Islands etc. All trips we have made together as Plaisure trips, by ship. All this seemed to be enough evidence to the Polish people, to suspect him as a spy. Hearing all this from my father in law, I told mother that I had my terrible dreams realy come true and we all were terrified for the future of my husband. Before leaving Dirschau. my father in law had taken a laywer, and in the first months, already my husband was taken before a trial, but everything was spoken only in Polish, my husband did not understand a word and no interpreter was there. From that laywer we got a short telegram, that my husband was condemned to 3 years in prison. Reading this I cried out and my knees doubled under me, and the followi.

Following months, it was a terrible time for all of us. Our father took two more lawyers, to fight for my husband and to proof, that his son was only a musician and teacher at the conservatory in Cairo, where we stayed for one year. In the second months of imprisonment of my husband, I had another dream, I saw him on a wide field, which was fenced in and I saw a white lion, chasing him, I was standing in a door holding it open for him that the lion would not get him. My husband was running towards me and was only two steps away from me, when the lion caught up with him, and put his big paws on his shoulders, I saw the white and frightened face of my poor man..... I cried out and all of a sudden I turned around and looked behind me, and saw and heard lovely orchestra music been played . That dream I told to my aunt the next day, who was also living with us in the big house, and she assured me. that I had a meaningful good dream..... The Poles have as their emblem a white condor, the lion means power... and the white lion means Polish power... and the orchestra I heard playing, means, that something good through music will help my husband. I went to the Polish consulate and pleaded with them, but nobody could visit or see my husband all that time, only one uncle of him, who lived in Danzig nearby, could visit him once a week. I only could write to my husband and that I did daily, to assure him of my love, my thoughts, and that we all together with the lawyers, try everything to help him. I cannot tell you how many sleepless nights and anxieties we all went through but I still remember one night, when I woke up with a terrible premonition, I felt and saw my husband so desperate, that he wanted to take his life, hanging himself with his belt..... I cried out loud.... don't do it, don't do it.... I was screaming in the middle of the night, seeing him in my mind..... I cried and begged I don't know how long..... I only know, that the next morning, my face, my eyes and lips were swollen and I could hardly talk. I wrote at once to him, asking about my feelings and if he really had that kind of thoughts, his answer came very prompt, also telling me, that he had heard

my screaming and begging, not to do it..... That time, we were married only five years, and our love to each other, was very deep, and that kind communication was real telepathy I believe.

Meanwhile, something wonderful was happening, the two lawyers digged out every possibility to clear my husband, and they found out, that the director of the conservatory in Cairo, was also Polish, and he was going to visit his parents in Poland the same year, and of course, when he heard in what trouble his former teacher and friend was in, he came right away to give testimony to clear my husband from any suspicion. Another, new trial was set, but this time in Warshaw, everything was cleared and thrown out of court and my husband, was immediately released. But who can forget, that he was in Prison innocent for three terrible long months, the suffering to him and the whole family , and the enormous costs with the lawyers. But we all were glad to have him home with us again .

My premonitions in my dreams came all true.

State of New York Department of Health



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X-RAY TECHNICIAN

THIS CERTIFICATE IS DATED JANUARY 1, 1966 AND EXPIRES DECEMBER 31, 1967

Howard S. Goldstein, S.X.T.
Secretary, X-ray Technician Board of Examiners

XT-8 N° 00658

Hollis S. Dryerham, M.D.
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Hollis S. Dugraham, M.D.
Commissioner of Health

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Department of Health
of the
State of New York



- This is to Certify that -

GRACE LINDSAY
is hereby licensed as an
X-Ray Technician

pursuant to the provisions of the Public Health Law of the State of New York

In Witness Whereof, the signature of the Commissioner
of Health and the seal of the Department of Health
of the State of New York is hereunto offered this

License No. 074304648

FIRST day of OCTOBER 1965

Hollis S. Dyngroham, M.D.
Commissioner of Health

by Howard L. Goldstein
Secretary, X-ray Technician Board of Examiners



State of New York
Department of Health



— This is to Certify that —

GRACE LINDSAY

is hereby licensed as a

Radiotherapy Technologist

*pursuant to the provisions of the Public Health Law of the State of New York and
that such license is limited to the practice of radiotherapy.*

In Witness Whereof, the signature of the Commissioner
of Health and the seal of the Department of Health
of the State of New York is hereunto affixed this

License No. 74314543

FIRST JANUARY 73
____ day of 19____

Hollis S. Dugraham, M.D.
Commissioner of Health

by Howard S. Goldstein
Secretary, Radiologic Technologist Board of Examiners